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made it plain to all careful observers that the native American laborer is quiet and peaceable, though jealous of his rights, and that it is the foreign born laborer who seizes every chance to foment strife and indulge in violence.

This is one of the lessons of the present strike.

OLNEY SEARLES.

VI.

CLASSICAL TYPES.

It is very unfortunate that no copies have survived of the daily journals published in the palmy days of Nineveh, Babylon, Greece, or Rome. Stereotype plates were not invented then, at least no evidence exists of their use, but from the few scraps of gossip that have come down to our degenerate age we may form some idea of the topics antique and even prehistoric, that interested society. It would seem that prevailing tastes at the centres of intellectual culture were not wholly unlike our own.

The arena then, as the stage to-day, afforded material for a goodly portion of current gossip. To limit ourselves to a single item, the gladiator appears to have been placed upon a very enviable pinnacle of fame. It has come down to us through various channels of information that he was petted and made much of by the grand ladies of his time; that he had all that heart could wish in the way of luxuries, and that, at least while he was young and handsome and strong, he could do about as he liked, and no questions asked. His simulacrum has survived in the marbles of Praxiteles and in the bas-reliefs of a still earlier day, and literature preserves the records of his feats of arms. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, he generally got himself speared or otherwise put out of the way before he fairly began the downward course, and the fellow that hurled the fateful spear or wielded the short broadsword, stood ready to take his place in popular favor. All this is very nice and classical, when read about in Assyrian, or Greek or Latin, and one is tempted to speculate whether it gave rise in its day to the species of derogatory remark that follows the footsteps of our modern gladiators. Here, for instance, are our sister cities of Boston and London. They have both of them gone crazy of late, each in its own fashion, over a modern representative of the arena—that is to say, of the prize-ring.

In the American city a sculptor has reproduced his magnificent physique in enduring marble, which recently attracted admiring crowds in a public hall. The fact that the distinguished subject broke his arm not long since in a drunken brawl was announced as a public calamity, while his little eccentricities in the way of wife-beating and other brutalities are passed over as lightly as possible in all really competent and appreciative circles. Like most of his famous countrymen he has lately indulged in a trip to England, and has been received with distinguished honors alike by royalty and the press, for he granted the Prince an interview and accepted from him a mark of distinguished consideration. *Punch* has given him the benefit of gratuitous advertisements in the shape of cartoons, and, upon the whole, he has received more attention than any American of his time. Certain fastidious classes in both countries affect to look with contempt upon such demonstrations, but they find nothing offensive in the deification of the classical gladiator. Agonistes of Athens and Retiarius of Rome were probably quite as conspicuous for personal ruffianism as any of our modern pugilists, but we do not find them objectionable as objects of art or as types of the perfected manhood of those days. We praise the Greek system that developed the physical at the same time with the intellectual, but forget that perfection in either must have been attained at the expense of the other. If the world lasts long enough to retire the present time into a remote and classical past, perhaps the Bostonian statue will be

unearthed minus an arm or two, and placed in the great art gallery of the time to be admired of all beholders, and perhaps files of our daily papers will be cited to show how in this nineteenth century the whole man was cultivated until approximate perfection was reached in the type thus wonderfully preserved by the sculptor's art.

ADRIAN REXFORD.

VII.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

THE evils which affect our political system are but the natural results of the corruption of society and the individual members of the body politic. In all of our great cities are localities which are the breeding places of crime—cess-pools toward which the vice of the surrounding country drains—and from these sinks of iniquity arise the poisons which eat out the moral life of the nation. Broadcast over the land—thick as dead leaves blown by the autumn winds—fly printed leaves from the tree of evil knowledge. In them crimes are gilded; lawlessness is valor; murderers, thieves, and criminals are the heroes. The man, or woman, or child who peruses them, goes to the State prison, the gambling house and the brothel to find the companions of his leisure hours, the personages who will dwell in his thoughts when his hands are busy. Courage, independence, heroism, and a spirit of self-sacrifice are qualities which have become antiquated and obsolete. Argosies of fancy and of fact, which wove spells of tenderness and honor around the lives of the great and good men and women of times gone by, have been allowed to go down into the abyss of out-of-print; and in their stead we have a Babel of dialects, a hodge-podge of criminals and detectives, a pemmican of adventure—bear and Indian and scout and trapper and cow-boy boiled down to the dregs of condensation.

All the quaintness and innocence of childhood—its originality—its tenderness—its sprightly tricks—its infinite, unconscious drollery—the serious earnestness of its fun—the natural religion of its plays—the delicious oddity of its sayings—all, all disappear when the child has fed its mind upon that pernicious literature which the great cities spread over the country.

It is next to impossible to reform those who have lost all faith in the sincerity, honor, or goodness of human nature—who believe that people in general are all bad, who have been taught that all criminals are heroes. In such hearts there is a reservoir of rage and vice, invisible save when some flame, hotter than usual, bursts momentarily forth. And if our national life is growing worse, if society is growing more corrupt, it is because our young men and women, who are entering into manhood and womanhood, have, in childhood, fed their minds on pernicious literature.

Childhood is the time when the ideals of life are formed. In the dreams of childhood are found the germs of many a man's career. The seeds sown in the mind of the child will germinate into the character of the man and ripen into the pleasant fruit of good deeds or the Dead-Sea-apples of sin. And so, if we would have citizens capable, by voice and vote, of wisely governing and directing the affairs of the nation, we must see to it that the children of the land are early taught to be manly and honest, pure and true.

But, apart from these considerations of the worldly power and prosperity of the nation, there is a higher duty which we are called upon to fulfill—a duty whose performance or omission must be accounted for when the great Judge of all men puts to us the question, "Where is thy brother?" Think you that the old, old answer with which humanity has so long stifled its conscience will suffice then? Shall we be absolved from blame if we give the answer of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" When eyeballs glaze and ears grow dull—when the golden